

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Situation.

(By SUSAN E. CLAGETT.)
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"THERE is nothing new under the sun," Sarah Carroll, who was spending the summer with her friend, Mildred Carlton, said with something like asperity. "I know. Don't I write for my daily bread and the sweets that should go with it? I cudgel my brain for plots, for inspiration and evolve—a situation. A situation is not a story, yet it seems to me that situations are the only things in life."

"Where is your imagination?" Mildred asked.

"Imagination!" Sarah exclaimed in scorn. "Imagination was left out of my make-up."

The other leaned a little forward, looked toward the gate. "I think," she said slowly, "there is the beginning of a story that will not require imagination to carry it to a conclusion."

Sarah turned her head curiously. The gate was open. Standing just without, but in full view, was a little child, a black kitten closely clasped in her arms. She had been watching the two on the porch and, when she thought herself unobserved, stretched out a hand and softly touched a cluster of half-blown roses that had pushed themselves through the palings.

For some minutes the two watched her in silence, and then Mildred called to her.

"Won't you come here and talk to us, little girl?"

The child, startled, came to the foot of the steps. "I didn't hurt them," she said under her breath. "I was just petting them and talking to them and wished mother could see them."

"Where is mother?" Sarah asked.

The child's eyes filled with tears. "She's sick down there," nodding her head in an uncertain direction, "and daddy's sick, too."

"Poor little piece of forlornity, tell me all about it, and then we will go and see 'mother' and you shall have all the roses you can carry."

But the child could tell very little. They had come to the village a short time before and were living down by the creek and a nice man came to see mother and daddy and made them feel better. He brought me my good luck pussy," she added, holding the kitten close, "and I love him." Yet the little she did tell roused the sympathy of the two girls.

Under a huge beech tree on the edge of the bank above Rock creek, stood a covered wagon, something after the order of the old time prairie schooners, but not so large. Still, it was large enough for the family of three that made it their home. Two horses grazed near by and between the trees hung two hammocks. A cot, under a slight shelter in the densest tree shadow, held a man whose face showed suffering. On the strip of sand close to the water a tiny fire burned and stooping over it were three figures, two women and a child. Further away another woman was busy herself about some household task.

Sarah and Mildred were having a picnic to cover an act of friendliness, for they had discovered upon their first visit that the child's parents were above charity, although their stress was great. The woman was far from well, and anxiety about her husband about sapped her strength. They had lived in one of the large cities where he held a good position until an

NO MORE PLAIN "TAILOR MADES"



(By BETTY BROWN.)

There's now a graceful curve where once there was rigid line in our "tailor-made" suits. Though many of the new "tailor-made" are fashioned Russian blouse style, some of the best models are belted in like a military man's coat. To show how good looking are these semi-military garments I

have sketched this model in tobacco brown duvetyne with brown martin trimming.

The cat is in the popular length, cut with a panel in front under which the narrow belt is stitched. Novelty buttons add a bit of trimming, and the ornamental collar may be fastened up like a muffler beneath the chin.

attack of pneumonia left him too weak and wretched to resume it. Health and strength he must regain and they took their savings, bought food and outfit and started for somewhere.

"Just somewhere," the woman told Mildred, "where we could have God's sunshine and pure air. He improved at once, but a week ago he slipped and broke his leg. Since then life would be gray indeed if it was not for Dr. Winthrop."

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The woman interposed. "I think he has been away. Miss Carroll. When he found my John he was passing in his car and it was pretty well filled with luggage. I remember, for I helped take it out so that we could put John inside."

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